

[Jesus Will Save an Irishman]

FOLKLORE. Dup.

FORM A

STATE, Washington.

NAME OF WORKER, J. F. Ariza.

ADDRESS, Federal Writers' Project, Seattle, Wn.

DATE, December 22, 1938.

SUBJECT, "Jesus Will Save an Irishman."

1. Name and address of informant, Colonel John W. Foulkes, Volunteers of America, Seattle.
2. Date and time of interview, December 19, 1938, 2:30 P.M.
3. Place of interview, at his office, Volunteers of America Seattle headquarters.
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant,.....
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you, no one.
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc., dingy office of the Volunteers salvaged clothing store.

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FORM B

Personal History of Informant

STATE, Washington.

NAME OF WORKER, J. F. Ariza, Seattle, Wn.

ADDRESS, Federal Writers' Project, Seattle, Wn.

DATE, December 22, 1938.

SUBJECT, "Jesus Will Save an Irishman."

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT, Colonel John W. Foulkes, Volunteers of America, Seattle, Wn.

1. Ancestry, unknown
2. Place and date of birth, unknown; he is about 72.
3. Family, unknown
4. Places lived in, with dates, alluded to many places he had lived as mission worker.
5. Education, with dates, unknown
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates, unknown
7. Special skills and interests, unknown
8. Community and religious activities, is a Volunteers worker

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9. Description of informant, man of small stature, with very poor eyesight; wears dark glasses. Vainglorious, shallow and religion thin as a single coat of paint.

10. Other points gained in interview, Felt he was doing Federal Writers' Project a very great service by condescending to talk; made crack half a dozen times, "Well, you got a white-collar job and you got to make good, so I'll help you out."

J. F. Ariza,

Seattle, Wn.

People are getting more Godless and cynical. Atheism is openly discussed and has many adherents. Forty years ago when I first came to Seattle our Volunteers of America hall was across the street from Billy the Mugg's saloon, one of the toughest places in the entire country. It was tough, no mistake. But, despite the supposedly rough element we had to deal with, there was more religion in people's hearts than there is today. Twenty-dollar street collections were common. Our meetings were always packed and we made many conversions. We were never disturbed except by the drunk. We expect that. But there were no sneering atheists around, their baleful eyes on us. Our landlord, the man who owned our hall, was a Chinaman, Wah Chong Che— a Chinaman with a pure white heart who many so-called Christians could well emulate. When rent day arrived and the money was not forthcoming, Che never came around dunning us for it. Never! "Pay bime-bye. Ah-light." Are there any white landlords like him?

About 1903, occasionally we had an Indian couple, fiery Baptist missionaries who had worked among tribesmen in the North, hold service for us. They were good talkers. One evening when we were holding a street meeting the Indian woman was preaching, telling the big gathering of Jesus' love for man. "Come to Jesus!" she importuned. "Jesus will save you' Jesus will save the blackest sinner— the drunkard, the thief, the home wrecker,

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the profligate, the murderer. He will save anyone—anyone— even an Irishman!" she shouted in a final burst of [fervor?].

She was unable to resume for five minutes. The crowd howled, numbers among them singling out big men with unmistakably Irish features, in an effort to taunt them. But it failed. They laughed as uproariously as their would-be tormentors.